

Dear Diary



By Caliboy1991

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Chapter 1

Dear diary seems a trite way to start off my memoirs, but so be it. And maybe calling them my memoirs is pretentious; after all, who wants to read about somebody's life who has lived less than twenty summers when that person isn't Jacob Tremblay?

I could bore you with my childhood memories growing up in a duplex in Pflugerville, Texas, but I won't, well, not all of them; Just the ones that defined me. It may have been October on the calendar, but the weather hadn't received the memo, and it was still ninety degrees when the bus stopped at the end of our street. I grabbed Bran's hand and climbed off the bus, along with about half the kids. An apartment complex ran along one side of the street and small duplexes along the other.

Most of the kids broke one way, heading toward the apartment complex. Bran and I went the other way. In a world of helicopter parents, we were classic latchkey kids. Then again, most of us who got off the bus at that stop were raised in one-parent homes, who was almost always the mom. I slid the key into the front door. The house was warm. Even though mom was a manager at a local restaurant, she complained she didn't have cash enough to cool the house while we were at school and she was at work.

Bran set his backpack on the table, "Feels weird coming home and Aunt Chloe not being here."

My backpack joined his on the table, "Now that I'm eleven, we can stay home by ourselves after school."

Bran grabbed a couple of bottles of water from the fridge and handed me one, "Don't forget the weekends. She's always working."

Mom's promotion gave her more money, but also a lot more hours. She liked it, and I had always had an independent streak. As long as there was food in the fridge or money for delivery, I liked the arrangement.

I took a swig of water and sat at the table while opening my backpack and pulled my homework assignments from the pack. You'd think I'd gotten the

habit from Mom. Not hardly. My mom had been a waitress her entire life. Studying wasn't something to hold her interest, and if it hadn't been for Bran, I probably would have been more like my mom.

Bran was the smartest person I knew and studying was easy for him; he was like a sponge. So smart, the school district had advanced him two grades since kindergarten. Here I was, starting my sixth-grade year with my eight-year-old cousin attending the fifth grade on the same campus. You could say it was the heat coming from behind that motivated me.

Bran glanced at the papers, folders and books I'd hauled from my bag. He grabbed a sheet, and I went red as a beet and tried to take it back. "Hey, that's mine."

His cheeks matched my own as he handed back the glossy chart of the anatomically correct drawing of the reproductive system. "Oh, did they pull the girls out of class for, um, sex ed., too?"

I shoved the chart back into my backpack, "Yeah. They do it with the boys too? I saw some girls from your grade in the girls' assembly."

He pulled out a chair and sat next to me, "Yeah. A lot of the boys made fun of it. They sent Jaxon and Lavon to the principal's office for making dirty jokes."

Bran and I were as close as two people could be, but I didn't really know what to say about that. "Serves them right."

As I opened my math assignment, I don't know what came over me, but I asked, "You learn anything?"

Bran's face turned even more crimson as he shrugged, "Um, I mean, we see each other all the time, so I know what girls look like."

I found where I'd left off at the end of math class, but enjoying my cousin's obvious embarrassment, I said, "They show you how babies are made?"

"I can read, Brook. I, um, know where babies come from. And no, they didn't. Jeez, if they had, half the boys in the sixth grade would have joined Jaxon and Lavon in the principal's office."

We both laughed, because that was certainly true. As Bran retrieved his tablet from his backpack and read, I tackled my homework. There had been a time when asking my cousin, who's three years younger than me for help would have been embarrassing. But I'd become used to how smart he was and several times over the next hour, I asked for, and got his help.

After we finished our homework, we had the rest of the evening to ourselves. Mom's schedule was on a dry-erase board on the fridge. She was scheduled to close the restaurant that night, and that meant she'd be home late. We'd catch hell from her on a school night if we were still up by the time she came home.

After eating leftovers, we headed to the room we shared, where I had the bottom bunk and Bran had the top. When Mom bought the bunk beds a couple of years before, it replaced a full-sized bed Bran and I shared from the time he moved in with us when he was three until he was five or six. I guess she thought a nine-year-old girl and six-year-old boy shouldn't share the same bed, although we shared the same bathroom and even took our baths or showers together.

We found some high school musical knockoff to stream once we settled onto my bed. Bran slept on the top bunk, but he watched TV with me, our backs against the wall. It's not like there wasn't plenty of room; When Mom replaced my old bed, the bottom bunk was also full-sized.

I listened with half my attention to the TV show, but my mind went back to the girls' assembly. They had shown us pictures of girls going through puberty. And while the pictures might not have been real girls, they were very accurate, let me tell you. Even the first picture of a girl who was supposed to be somewhere between ten and twelve had breasts. They were small, barely more than buds. And pubic hair too. Not much, but I was sitting near the front of the assembly and could see the squiggly artwork meant to represent the beginnings of pubic hair.

Here I was two months after turning eleven, and I didn't have any of that stuff. My chest was the same chest I'd seen every day of my life. Even that space between my legs still looked like a puffy pair of lips. And hips? What hips? The only thing that separated me from the boys, at least when

dressed, was my golden-brown hair. At least until I talked Mom into letting me get cut short and dyed purple. Now it was just my clothes. I liked pretty pinks and purples. Mom just started letting me wear makeup now that I was in the sixth grade, and I enjoyed putting a bit on some mornings when I didn't oversleep.

The show was close to being over; the jocks and cheerleaders were dancing a number across the screen when Bran turned to me, "What's up, Brook? You hardly watched any of the show?"

Sometimes having a really smart boy for your roommate could be annoying. He hadn't lifted his face from his tablet during the entire musical. I loved my cousin. Since moving in with me and my mom after his parents' deaths, Bran had grown into my best friend, although I probably wouldn't admit it to anyone but this diary. Even though I felt piqued by his question, the last thing I wanted was to make an issue.

For more than five years, Bran and I had bathed together, we had no secrets, nothing to hide. My scrawny boyish frame was all he knew, and I didn't want to draw his attention to the fact that sometime between now and a couple of years down the road, my body would bloom into a young woman's.

In fact, it had only been a month earlier, after Mom saw the two of us come out of the bathroom naked, that she had me come into her bedroom once dressed for bed. She patted her bed, "Come on in, Brookie, and sit here with me."

I sat beside her as she continued, "You're getting so big. And you've been such a sweetheart, helping take care of your cousin."

I wanted to scoff at that; When my Aunt Ester and Uncle Calvin died in a car wreck, their estate, such as it was, paid a monthly stipend to my mom for Bran's care. She also received survivor's benefit for him from Social Security. Even then, I knew the amounts weren't huge, but they made up about a third of Mom's monthly income. But I loved my mom and knew that she had sacrificed the big tip money in the evenings to stay at home with us when we were younger.

With five years to adjust to my cousin, I couldn't imagine my life without him, "Bran's cool, Mom. It's not like he's always doing dumb stuff like a lot of other boys his age."

She shook her head and chuckled, "No kidding. Who'd have known we'd have an Einstein in the house. But I know it's hard for you. You're a growing girl and you've never complained about having to take a bath with your cousin."

When you bathe with a boy, you see just about everything. I'd seen him pee in the shower when he was younger, and even now that he's eight, every once in a while, his penis gets stiff. I tried to take it in stride. After all, Bran was in the same boat as me. He saw my girl parts every time and, at least over the past couple of years, he didn't gawk or ask questions. "It's okay."

Mom patted me on the knee, "I have said nothing about the baths because, honestly, having you take care of him and getting him to bed makes my life a lot easier. But maybe I haven't been fair to you. After all, you deserve your own privacy."

On some level, I knew she was right; that I deserved privacy. But the fact was, I shared a room with my younger cousin. While we didn't lie around naked, we also didn't hide ourselves. We were naked when we changed, in the bathroom and the like, so Mom's idea of privacy seemed unlikely. And with Bran, it just didn't seem to be a big deal. More than that, after several years of indifference on her part, I wasn't sure why getting close to puberty required a change in how Bran and I lived. Still, I said, "Maybe I'll want privacy when I get older. I can ask Bran if he wants more privacy now."

That conversation with my mom didn't go any further. But I told Bran that if he wanted to take his own baths or showers, I'd be okay with it. It became one of those "If you want, I guess," conversations, where we agreed we preferred our current situation.

And yet, as Bran sat next to me, his tablet in his lap, I felt awkward for the first time. I was only too aware that one day I'd get boobs and my body would change, letting me get pregnant. My face burned as my stomach fluttered. You only got pregnant when a man sticks his penis inside and put

his sperm into you. See, I was paying attention to the sex ed. part of the presentation.

I couldn't bring myself to lie to Bran. But I didn't have to be specific, "Was thinking about the girls' assembly."

His eyes flitted back to the text on his screen, "Sometimes I wish I hadn't skipped grades. Some of the sixth graders, they're like twelve already. If I were in the third grade, I wouldn't have been forced to listen to that stuff about puberty and sex."

He described a poster similar to the chart I had received, just for the boys. "The youngest boy on the chart is two or three years older than me and the pictures showed all the boys with hair down there, going from barely any to lots of it."

If he was distressed, he hid it well. His was a dispassionate description well beyond his physical development, but given his mental and emotional growth, he understood most of it.

If this night was like most when mom closed the restaurant, she'd be home close to midnight. It was barely eight and our bedtime was officially nine-thirty, but with Mom not here to monitor it, it was closer to ten or even ten thirty. But I didn't want to watch another Disney movie. I was ready for something different, "You ready for a bath?"

Bran swiped the screen closed on his tablet, "Yeah. I guess. We ran in PE, but nobody wants to shower in the locker room."

He pulled his shirt off and dropped it in our clothes hamper. I'd seen his skinny chest and narrow shoulders countless times. But thinking about those images of adolescent girls and how my body was developing, albeit very slowly, I felt a moment's confusion when I realized Bran's chest was actually kind of cute. He pulled his jeans off and folded them and put them on the end of his bed, to get dressed in the morning. Without so much as even a glance in my direction, his underwear followed.

I felt something warm between my legs; It wasn't just Bran's chest that was cute. Sure, his penis was small, and I'd seen it a thousand times before, but

that night, there was something sensual about it and I didn't know why I hadn't noticed it before. Bran said, "I'll get the water running."

Left alone in the bedroom, I shucked my clothes, adding to the pile in the hamper. I touched my chest, rubbing my nipples for some sign, any sign, that they were about to get puffy and give me a reason to wear a training bra.

I ran my hand down my stomach and across my smooth pubic mound. I touched myself down below, which is something I seldom did, given a lack of privacy. Still, I felt a twinge of a tingle when my finger slid between the outer lips. "Cut it out," I murmured before following Bran into the bathroom.

These days showers were more our thing. Although at eight and eleven we could still comfortably fit in the tub for a bath, there was coming a day when the two of us wouldn't so comfortably fit sitting down in the tub. Bran had the shower running, and the curtain closed when I stepped into the tub behind him. His butt faced me and the sight of the two pale globes only fueled the butterflies in my tummy. I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to push away the images from earlier today when the women conducting the girls' assembly had shown us a video of cartoon drawings of boys and their sex organs. The drawings had even shown us what boys looked like erect.

I had seen it all before, having bathed with Bran hundreds of times. Granted, he seldom became hard, but seldom and never are not the same. Then I did something I hadn't done in a couple of years, I grabbed the loofah, "I'll wash you if you want."

Bran was the smartest person I knew and I could see the glint in his eyes at my request. Of course, just like me, he had sat through a similar presentation for the boys. Sure, he was younger than the other boys in the fifth grade. But no less inquisitive. When he looked at me, the tremoring in my tummy was impossible to ignore. For the first time in my life, a boy was really *seeing* me. Bran's eyes lingered on my chest and then at that puffy gash between my legs. When his eyes searched mine, I saw awareness in those golden-brown eyes of his. "Uh, yeah. If you want."

I was almost six inches taller than Bran, so when I started on his shoulder blades, I didn't have to reach up to wash his back. When I finished with his shoulder blades, he said, "It tickles and scratches when you use the loofah."

I set it aside, "Is it okay to use my hands?"

He nodded as I continued down his back. His skin was soft, nearly silky beneath my palms. When I reached his butt, I skipped it and knelt, working down his legs. I've seen girls from my class who have lots of tiny white hairs around their ankles, but just like my ankles' Bran's were smooth. Were I to ask about it, he'd tell me they were vellus hairs and they were there, but too small and fine to see or feel.

I worked my way up his legs, stopping at his knees to lather my hands with more soap before continuing on. As I reached midway up his thighs, I didn't know how high I should go. I hadn't touched him on his penis since he was a little boy, and even though I'd seen it more times than I could count, something about his little noodle drew my curiosity like a lodestone.

As my hands worked their soapy way up his inner thighs, Bran spread his legs, making it easier for me to wash them. I pulled my hands away when I felt the back of my palm brush against something soft. I stood, "Um, I can wash your front, if you want."

When Bran turned around, his little noodle had become a nail. He was hard; a thin tube of skin over nail-like hardness. Probably less than three inches from the tip of his circumcised glans to the base of his shaft. I doubted he was more than half an inch thick. And it was the most beautiful thing I'd ever laid eyes on.

He glanced at the space between us, "Sorry. It does that sometimes and I can't stop it."

I resisted the urge to touch it, to feel the steel under the skin. Instead, my hands worked the soap across his collarbone and chest. From there, I rubbed the suds across his stomach and upper abs, stopping just below his belly button. I don't know what possessed me to say anything, but my

brain and my hormones must have been disconnected, “This is fun. Your skin feels nice.”

I didn’t want to stop. I wanted to finish what I’d started, but this wouldn’t be like touching him when he was five and I was eight; that had been the innocent curiosity of two young children. Now, even though my body was way behind most of the girls in my class, something more primal fueled my curiosity.

“Thanks, your hands feel nice. Are you finished?”

Like an idiot, I parroted, “Finished?”

Was there a tremor in his voice? “Y-, yeah. If you want, you can finish.”

Could there be more than one way to interpret Bran’s words? If I misunderstood him, and did something he didn’t like, would he forgive me? Uncertainty wracked my brain as I returned my soapy hand to below his belly button. With a slow, hesitant motion, I did tiny circular motions, working my way down. Bran didn’t say a word as my palm rubbed against his smooth pubic area. And with my eyes glued on his little nail, the only way I knew he was paying attention to me was the sharp inhale when my finger grazed the base of his penis.

His ragged breathing forced me to tear my eyes away from his gorgeous cocklet. He gazed down at me, a look of wonderment etched on his face. My voice shook, “Th-, this okay?”

“Y-, y-, yeah,” Bran stuttered.

His little three inches quivered as I moved my hand along the paradoxical shaft. Until that moment, I had never given a thought to how hard a boy could be, yet how sensuously soft the skin covering the steel-like muscles could be.

Bran sighed as my fingers reached the base of the underside of his erection. His balls were tiny things, nested inside the tight skin of his scrotum. From experience of roughhousing with my cousin, I knew they were like delicate little eggs. Too much pressure and I could hurt him. But I couldn’t stop myself, even if I wanted. My fingers caressed his small ballsack until I couldn’t justify any more time washing them.

I stood, "There you go. All clean."

A hitch in Bran's voice was enough to know the experience had been intense. I half expected him to want to get out and be alone for a bit after something like that. Maybe that's why he caught me off guard when he asked, "C-, can I wash you?"

Before, when we had first starting taking baths together, I had washed him a lot. Of course, that had started when he had been three and I had been six. Even though it lasted a couple of years, it had always been a one-way street; me washing him. But after washing him this evening, turn-about seemed fair. Right?

"Yeah. If you want."

He motioned for me to turn around. He had to reach higher to wash my shoulders and neck than me, but I liked the warm glow on my skin as he rubbed the soapy suds into my flesh. Like me earlier, he took his time washing my back, applying more soap as he worked his way down.

When he reached the bottom of my back, he paused, "You want me to skip your bottom?"

The fluttering in my stomach was all consuming at this point. I wanted his hands all over me. "N-, no. Keep going."

His hands washed each butt-cheek separately. And very briefly, his fingers slid down my crack. The way his fingers pulled back, I wondered if he had lost his nerve. I couldn't have blamed him. I hadn't been as brave and had skipped his butt.

He knelt behind me and washed my feet and ankles. Some girls in my grade were already shaving their legs, but like Bran, my vellus hairs were so small and fine that you couldn't feel or see them. His slick fingers moved across my ankles and calves almost effortlessly, the soap reduced the friction between the skin on my legs and Bran's palms to almost nothing. When he reached above my knees, I followed his choice earlier and spread my legs, granting him access to my inner thighs. His hand retreated a bare inch before he would have found my puffy labia.

He stood and grabbed my shoulders and turned me around. I glanced between us, his little penis was still as hard as ever, pointed nearly straight up. He reached up and massaged soap onto my shoulders and throat, working his way down my chest. As he rubbed across my chest, I couldn't help but wonder when my nipples would grow and I'd develop buds. Bran was unconcerned with what might happen in the future with my chest. He rubbed the soap into my chest longer than I did him, before soaping his hands more and working them gradually down to my stomach.

When he got to the same place I had paused, he looked up at me until I gave him a nod, and then his hands continued downward, working in small circular motions across my pubic mound. He stopped when his hand found the edge of my slit. The most pleasurable shock in my eleven years shot through my body at the touch. I wanted him to continue, to push his finger through my swollen outer labia. But his hand retreated as he said, "Did I do it okay?"

Not trusting my voice, I nodded as I grabbed the shampoo and pushed him under the showerhead. It was only the work of a couple of minutes until we finished washing our hair, too. The electrical energy from the shower lingered even while we dried off. When we went back into the bedroom, we grabbed our underwear from the chest of drawers and clothed ourselves for bed.

I climbed onto my bed and sat with my back against the headboard. Clothed in my underwear, which was my normal bedtime attire, I watched Bran pull his Iron Man briefs on. He looked at me, his tablet, which was still on my bed, and then at the overhead bunk. The events of the past few minutes must have done a number on him. I scooted over and patted the space beside me, "It's still early. We can find another show to watch."

He gave me a slight smile and took the offered spot while I found something else on the streaming service. As the show started, my thoughts weren't on the TV, but on the bare shoulder touching mine, the knobby knees resting against my leg. Halfway through the show, Bran said, "Um, Brook, is it normal for your stomach to feel like butterflies when you're touching someone else?"

My stomach was still a riot of butterflies. “I guess. Did you have butterflies in the shower?”

He nodded, “Yeah. Um, they haven’t gone away either. What do you think it means?”

The girls at school had talked about the fluttering they got in their stomachs when they kissed boys. That couldn’t possibly be the reason why our stomachs felt this way. Could it? I mean, Bran’s my cousin and we not supposed to feel like this toward each other, were we?

The tingle in my arm where we touched didn’t feel bad. I knew plenty of girls my age who wouldn’t have had anything to do with a younger brother, cousin, or whatever, because the boy was too immature. But that wasn’t my relationship with Bran. He was my best friend, even if he was my eight-year-old cousin. I wasn’t sure the reason for these feelings, “Maybe the butterflies are because we were having fun.”

He leaned his head against my arm, “It was, wasn’t it? And kind of naughty, too. Do you think Aunt Chloe would be upset with us?”

Could it possibly be something like what Bran and I had just shared that caused Mom to go on about me needing privacy? Until that moment, I wouldn’t have thought so. Since Brandon’s arrival five years before, she had always been chill about me and him taking baths together, so I wasn’t sure she would object. Even so, when I thought about how she would react if we told her about the feelings Bran and I had in the shower, I didn’t think she’d approve. “I don’t know. But I don’t want to tell her and find out.”

He grinned, “Yeah, no kidding. She might make us stop bathing together, and that’d suck.”

I had had always taken for granted the baths with me were just part of Bran’s routine; something my mom had put in place to make her life easier. I hadn’t realized they were something he enjoyed. Warmth spread through my chest and I slid my arm around his shoulders and gave him a half-hug, “Yeah. It would.”

He inched over and rested his head against my side as we watched the rest of the show. When it was over, he yawned and climbed into the bunk bed

while I turned out the light.

Chapter 2

I woke to the sound of the heater coming on. Rolling over, I saw the alarm clock on the nightstand and groaned. I'd practically slept half the day away on the first day of our Christmas vacation. When I crawled out of bed, I stood on its edge to see if Bran was awake. He just groaned and pulled his pillow across his eyes. It was understandable. We had stayed up past midnight binge watching the Mandalorian on Disney Plus.

Mom was moving around in the kitchen and I was half surprised she hadn't barged in to wake us up. Maybe because it was a Saturday, a weekend, and the beginning of a three-week school holiday. I ran my fingers through my hair. It was short and spiked, dyed a fetching shade of purple, like half the other girls in the seventh grade.

I decided to leave Bran alone and headed into the kitchen, where Mom sat at the dining table, drinking a cup of coffee. She glanced at me, "You're twelve now, Brooklyn. The least you can do is put on one of those undershirts I bought you."

I glanced down at my chest; you could compare my chest to that of Bran's and not been able to say who was the girl and who was the boy. I shrugged and gave her the same answer I'd given her a few dozen times before, "Why, Mom? It's not like I've got anything to hide."

She took another sip of coffee, "Sorry, sweetheart. Bad genes. Your mom was a late bloomer too."

We had trod this road before, but with every passing month, I wondered if something was wrong with me. "How old were you when yours finally came in?"

Mom grew thoughtful, "Time gets kind of fuzzy the farther away we get from something. I think I was almost thirteen. But you father," about whom my mom seldom talked, "was also a late bloomer. So, who can say? It'll happen when it happens."

I heaved a sigh. She smiled apologetically, "I'm off work on Monday, maybe you and I can go looking at bras."

As if a training bra with nothing to train or support would make me feel any better. I shrugged, "I'd rather have the money for some clothes I can actually use."

Mom rolled her eyes. Over the past few months, I'd badgered her for more clothes. It was hard enough being the flattest girl in school, I would not be the lamest dressed. "We'll see. My shift starts soon. Closing the restaurant tonight. Some of the girls are going out afterwards, celebrate Christmas a little early. You and Bran be okay if I come in really late?"

Over the past year and a half, along with her promotion, Mom decided she wanted a bit of a social life, too. She'd even gone through one serious boyfriend and a couple of others who were drinking buddies. This Christmas she was flying solo, which was fine by me. I didn't like any of the guys she dated. "Yeah. By late, you mean sometime tomorrow morning?"

She grinned, "Tomorrow my shift starts at four in the afternoon. Plenty of time to get my beauty sleep."

"Me and Bran will be fine. Can you leave some money for delivery?"

Mom gave me a wad of tip money, "Here you go, honey. You kids behave."

Before Mom could get out the door, Bran pattered into the kitchen, dressed like me, in his underwear. He ran a hand through a shaggy main of hair. Even though he was only nine, he wanted to look more like the boys in his grade, and they were wearing their hair long and shaggy.

Mom stopped at the door, and with a smile, wagged her finger at her nephew, "Mind Brooklyn while I'm at work, Einstein."

Once Mom left, Bran came over and sat next to me at the table, "Why she call me that all the time?"

I glanced over at Bran. The past fifteen months had seen some subtle growth. He'd gained about three inches, although so had I. After that initial night in the shower, where we'd touched each other, the emotions we'd felt had left us both a bit of a mess, and even though we continued taking showers together, it was three months before we washed each other again. The same overflow of emotions hit us again, and that scared us off of those intimate sexual touches for a while. From there, we fell into an irregular

pattern, where every few months or so, we'd finally get to where we'd forget about the emotions we'd felt the last time, and try washing each other again.

As I sat looking at him, I realized we hadn't tried washing each other since the start of the school year. You'd think the Yo-Yo of our intimate moments would strain things between us. But if anything, those moments of washing him and him washing me actually made me feel closer to my cousin than ever. He was so much more than just my cousin. He was my best friend, even if the touching we'd done left us confused.

We could have hung out in the duplex's little living room, but our bedroom had a nice TV and we could sit on my bed, with our backs against the wall and watch TV. It was more comfortable than the worn sofa in the living room.

That afternoon, we settled against the wall to watch the next episode of the Mandalorian, Bran rested his head against my shoulder until I lifted my arm and roped it around his shoulders, letting him rest his head against the side of my chest. Like I said, we were close. We laughed at the antics of Grogu, although we still called him Baby Yoda.

At one point, Bran jumped up and pretended to be Grogu eating creepy-crawly things. I laughed at my cousin's spot-on mimicry. That was the thing I loved about Bran; he could tell you every element on the periodic table and almost anything you want to know about the elements. Then turn around, dancing and jumping around, just like the nine-year-old boy he was.

He got himself so worked up over his version of Grogu's antics that I pushed him over, "No, Grogu, no!"

He jumped up, still chortling, and leapt at me. I had his sixty-five pounds beat by twenty, but he still had enough force behind him to send me tumbling across the bed. We were both laughing. I couldn't remember the last time we had tumbled and wrestled about. He straddled my legs and leaned over my torso to grab at my hands. When our laughter finally ran its course, realization dawned that when he leaned over, his pelvis came into contact with mine. Fluttering in my stomach, which had been dormant for

several months, came back with a rush. Even though we both wore underwear, I realized this may be more intimate than anything before. I could feel Bran's penis thickening between us, right at the top of my slit.

The laughter died away. Bran's hands held my arms over my head as our eyes communicated our keen awareness. After I don't know how many heartbeats, in a low voice he said, "Uh, s-, sorry."

He was shifting to get off me; yet all I wanted was to feel his fleshy nail against me. I used my extra weight to push him under the overhead bunk and then swapped places with him, straddling his groin and holding his hands over his head. The tingles that shot up my body from feeling his erection lying flat under my lips were incredible.

Bran's brash, excited expression faded to one of uncertainty. The feelings we felt were the same ones we've been retreating from for a year and a half that we really didn't know what to do with them. I didn't want to move, but I didn't want to hurt my cousin and best friend either. I breathed, "You okay? Do you want me to move?"

His voice tremored, "I'm okay. You?"

I was better than okay. Starting at that secret place between my legs, my body thrummed with excitement and tingly feelings. By pinning his arms over his head, my body was low over Bran's. Our faces were only inches apart. And as I looked into his eyes, I recalled that first time we touched one another; I had associated the fluttering with what other girls had said came from kissing boys. Now that I was twelve, I knew the fluttering came from touching. But I wondered about the kissing. Would it make the feeling even better?

Before I realized what I was doing, I found my lips touching Bran's. The look of shock on his face made me pull back a few inches. He had felt so soft and warm, and my lips yearned again to touch his. But the shocked expression brought me up short, "Oh, damn! I shouldn't have. Bran, are you okay?"

The shocked expression softened at my voice, gradually replaced by a hesitant smile, "Woah. I didn't expect that."

Still feeling like I could hardly control my emotions, I said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have."

Had my hands not pinned his arms, likely he would have touched his lips. If his were like mine, they were abuzz. "I'd wondered—" he mused, "what it would feel like."

It was my turn to feel uncertain, "Was it bad?"

A grin spread across his face, "Bad? No way, Brook. That made my butterflies go a million miles an hour."

It was the smile on Bran's face that made me do it. I leaned in again and this time kissed him properly. When I pulled back, gone was the look of shock. Bran's face was one of wonderment, almost like those moments when he discovers something in his school work, like an eureka moment.

I understood him. When our lips touched, the fluttering in my tummy had never felt better. I let go his arms and rested my elbows on either side of Bran and lowered myself until our chests were touching. The previous two kisses had been an experiment. This one was something else. Somehow, both our hearts thundered in our chests. I could feel both as my lips lingered on his for a dozen or more heartbeats. I felt a flash of awareness, followed by a moment of terror as I realized I loved Bran as more than just a cousin, more than just my best friend, I loved him like Juliette loved Romeo, like Cleopatra loved Marc Antony.

With his hands no longer trapped above his head, with all the hesitancy of young love, Bran slowly, haltingly, put his arms around my back. "T-, this is lots better than the last time we touched each other in the shower."

We traded another kiss. Neither of us had ever kissed anyone before, we scarcely knew what we were doing, but we didn't care. I was in love with a boy who made my world better.

When I sat up, I still straddled him. I moved back just enough to see the tent in his green and blue Minecraft underwear. I so wanted to see it, to touch it. My hands went to Bran's waist and my voice shook, "C-, can I see it?"

He nodded and giggled, "You see it every time we take a shower. Yeah."

I pulled at the elastic band and pulled it down below his balls. I suppose when you go from eight to nine, fifteen months may not make much of a difference. Bran's nail might have been tad bit longer than three inches, or not. But it was as beautiful today as it was the first time I touched it.

I put my palm on his shaft, enjoying the way it pulsed under my touch, the heat making my hand hotter. The springy-steel of his stiffy felt wonderful as I wrapped my fingers around it. Bran was the only boy I knew, and despite the availability of stuff at school and online, we had lived a sheltered life and I wasn't sure how to do more than that.

Bran, for all his smarts, was nine. No doubt, he knew the mechanics of reproduction, but there was a wider gulf between his theory and reality than what I had.

Still, I loved holding that pulsing bit of him, "Bran, your stiffy is beautiful."

He grinned; after all, I was holding his erection. "You think so? Compared to the other boys in the sixth grade, I'm small."

"You'll eventually catch up. Same as me. But I don't care about that. I think you're perfect."

"Brook," he started, "C-, can I see you."

We were under Bran's bunkbed, so I couldn't stand without banging my head. I got onto all fours and then worked my panties down my hips until they were below my knees, and then I worked them off. I returned to sitting on his upper thighs, my legs spreadeagled on either side of him. This was, I think, the best view of my puffy, preteen girl parts Bran had ever seen. I've seen a couple of girls in gym class who are pretty proud of the way their girl parts are exposed; their clits practically hang outside their slit. Usually, my parts were hidden inside my slit. Now, exposed, he could see the tiny hood that normally covers my little clit. Even the tip of my clit was visible, if just barely.

He just stared at me long enough. I wondered if there was something wrong down there. Eventually, he said, "You're beautiful, Brook. Really, really beautiful."

We've seen each other naked so many times, yet I blushed furiously at the compliment. Knowing he thought me beautiful meant even more now. I spread my legs even wider, "You want to touch me?"

With a nervous grin, Bran leaned forward. His fingers brushed against my pubic mound, then he slid his index finger to the top of my slit, drawing it across my nearly hidden clit. I gasped at the powerful surge of tingles his touch sent through me. His touch was at once clumsy and tender. This was the first time for both of us and he took his time exploring my sensitive little button. Every time he ran a finger across it, I felt molten lava surge through me. His finger dipped down into the narrow fold of my inner labia and I felt moisture as his finger found the first of my juices.

He pulled his hand back, holding his finger to his nose, "It sort of smells like you, only, dunno, only more like you than normal."

Like any scientist worth his money, conducting an experiment, Bran put his finger into his mouth and tasted the first bit of my moisture. He plopped his finger out and explored my clit with it. "It didn't taste like much."

After sending shivers of pleasure shooting through me, he moved his fingers into the narrow folds where my juices were now flowing. Sure, I'd felt wet before on several occasions, but nothing like this. When Bran pulled his hand back a second time, a couple of fingers were slick with my wetness. When he put them in his mouth, his eyes narrowed a bit as the flavor hit his tastebuds. He pulled them out, "Kinda tangy; almost citrusy, I think."

As we sat there, me on his upper thighs and him lying on my bed, I noticed my slit was only a few inches away from his penis, although his penis pointed toward his chin. I was too scared yet to try something so bold as to put him in me, but I scooted forward until his tight scrotum nestled against my slit. It made it easy for me to grab his shaft and play with it some more.

This exploring didn't last much longer. Bran's stomach growled and mine followed suit; neither of us had eaten lunch yet. With a sigh of regret, I slid off him, "Let's see what's for lunch."

I saw my panties on the bed and left them there. I might be hungry, but I was just as horny. Finding something for lunch in the nude sounded pretty good. Bran pulled his briefs the rest of the way off as he climbed off the bed. I almost laughed; he looked like he was following his penis into the kitchen.

It was a good thing Mom left some cash for dinner. As we went through the fridge, there wasn't a lot of food. Still, Bran found some peanut butter and bread in the pantry and I found some jelly in the fridge and we made a meal of it. Bran usually wasn't a messy eater. But by the time he finished stuffing his face with a couple of PB&J sandwiches, he dropped jelly onto his chest and belly.

After everything he'd done for me earlier, I was only too happy to push his chair away from the table and kneel. I licked a dollop of grape jelly from between his tiny nipples and then, for good measure, licked at them until they were tiny, hard bumps. The jelly that hit Bran's belly had smeared down, getting into his belly button.

I kissed him from his sternum, down to his belly button, sticking my tongue into the indentation until all I could taste was the pleasantness of his body. My face was at his belly button and that put his penis just a few inches below, pointing right at my face. I couldn't get rid of the image of him sliding his fingers into his mouth as he sampled me. I wanted the same thing. When I pulled my tongue from his belly button, I looked up at him. He wore the same look of wonderment as earlier, and that was all the permission I needed.

My tongue licked at his little helmet, drawing a ragged gasp from Bran as a sliver of pleasure ran through his body. "Wow!"

There was still grape jelly on my tongue so, my first taste of Bran was grapelike. He leaned back in the chair, opening himself to me and I put my hands on the edge of his seat as I opened my mouth and slid past his little acorn shaped glans. His three inches slide effortlessly through my lips until I pushed against his bare pubic area.

Even though I had only dreamed of giving Bran a blow job a few times, I had never expected it to come to fruition. Still, to my tongue's credit, it

seemed to know what it was about, twisting and twirling around my cousin's narrow shaft. He was just the perfect size for me to pleasure.

With my lips locked around his base, I applied suction as my tongue stimulated him, drawing gasps of pleasure every few seconds. Once, when his immature balls hit my chin, I pulled my lips off his stiffy and then put his taut scrotum in my mouth, including his little orbs. He moaned loud enough that had Mom been home, she would have rushed into the kitchen, wondering what the hell was going on.

I loved the slightly salty taste of his balls, a hint of sweat from a long night's sleep. But I wanted him in my mouth again. What I knew of boys is that girls sucked on them until they blew sperm. I knew Bran was too young for that, but I still wanted to do whatever I could to make his day. I pulled his balls from my mouth only long enough to get his shaft back inside and then, by opening wider, I managed to fit his entire sex organ into my mouth, tip, shaft, and balls—All.

My mouth was crowded, but I didn't care. My tongue had more things to attack than it knew what to do with, and Bran tossed his head back, "Oh Wow, wow, wow, wow!"

He tossed his head from side to side as I sucked on him. I only had the vaguest of ideas what might happen, but he gritted, "Holy crap! Oh! I feel like I gotta pee, Brook!"

I don't think I could have extracted his balls and stiffy right then, and braced myself to have piss fill my mouth. He froze up, going rigid as his little shaft grew even harder in my mouth. Then it spasmed. And spasmed. And spasmed. He moaned with pleasure through a half dozen spasms and as I let his balls slip from my mouth, I realized there had been no pee, just an incredible, yet dry orgasm. I let his still-erect penis slip out of my mouth next and crouched over him, "What'd you think, Bran?"

His eyes were glazed, and he had the silliest grin, "That was... oh, man, that was incredible. I thought for sure I was gonna pee, and then BAM! It was like a million fireworks going off connecting my stiffy to my brain."

Chapter 3

When the pizza delivery guy showed up that evening, I threw on a pair of shorts and went and paid him and brought the pizza into our bedroom. Mom would have shit a brick; she didn't like for us to eat in the bedroom, but there's the breaks when you work in the evening and leave your twelve-year-old in charge.

When I came in with the pizza, Bran said, "Dang, did the pizza guy know he just delivered pizza to a half-naked girl?"

I set the box on the bed next to Bran, who was still naked. I grimaced and patted my chest, "Got nothing here to hide, and my hair's shorter than yours."

Bran pushed a lock of hair from in front of his eyes, "Yeah. I think I want a haircut. It's a pain keeping it combed.

I stripped out of the shorts before sitting next to the pizza box. We hadn't done much since I introduced Bran to blow jobs, but a sexual energy hung over our room as we lounged naked through the day. I wondered if Bran was ready to put his stiffy into my pussy; I hoped so.

As we ate the meat lover's pizza that Bran loved, we watched *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. It was a good show to start the holiday season. By the time the show was halfway over, I put the leftover pizza in the fridge and when I came back into the bedroom, Bran looked so cute, laying sideways on my bed, with his head propped against the wall. I raced across the floor and lept onto the bed, landing mostly on the bed, but just enough on him to make him curl into a ball, squealing.

He uncoiled and threw himself at me, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me down. I felt his penis, which had been flopping around softly, smack against my pubic area as he clambered on top of me. I loved the feel of his body against mine, and the twinkle in his eye said he enjoyed it, too. Lying on top of me, he had to do something, so he leaned in and kissed me. My arms shot around his hips and I pulled our bodies together even more closely.

Within a few heartbeats, his penis inflated, and I could feel his erection. It felt amazing to feel his hot tube pressed against me. But I wondered how much better I would feel to have his stiffy buried inside me. After all, that's why boys have penises and girls have vaginas—sex.

We kept wrestling, but I could tell he wanted our bodies close together, which was better than fine by me. By the time I wrangled myself on top, we were near the edge of the bed. Happy for an extra twenty pounds on him, once he was under me, I shifted my hips, drawing his stiffy down, from lying flat against my pubic mound to his tip slipping between my puffy lips. A moan escaped from my lips as I froze. Unless it was to go deeper into my pussy, I didn't want him to move.

Lying under me, Bran gasped, "Brook! I'm, uh, in..."

Words failed him as I pressed my lips to his. I needed him. When I shifted my hips again, his stiffy slid past my clit, sliding into the narrow folds of my inner labia. I gasped with pleasure at the tingling radiating from my crotch.

Bran looked at me and grew solemn, "Ar-, are you sure?"

I nodded, "Yeah!"

When I shifted my hips, he pushed against me. His little nail slid toward the back, where it discovered my vagina. I felt the tip of his head push through my opening. Some girls have their hymens intact before sex for the first time. Not me; I had injured myself when I was in gymnastics several years before and tore my hymen. So, Bran slid into me, all the kissing and wrestling around had made me wet and he went in easier than I expected for my first time.

My mind was numb as I realized Bran's stiffy was in my pussy! We weren't virgins anymore! It didn't take long for me to get used to the feel of the slender bit of Bran's sausage shoved to his hilt. Leaning over him, I gushed, "We're no longer virgins, bran!"

His eyes crossed as I shifted my hip and worked my knees, bring my body up a couple of inches. I trilled as I sank against him, plunging my pussy onto his stiffy. Sharing my baths and my bedroom with my cousin, the number of times I had touched myself sexually down there, I could have counted on

a single hand. I had put nothing up my pussy before that evening. The tingling feeling washing over me felt was damn near the best thing in my young life.

Now that we were fucking, it took several tries to get the motion down, but after a minute or two my knees flexed as my body lifted off Bran's stiffy only to crash against it, sending a cloud of euphoria washing over me. The longer I moved up and down, the more I wanted to keep going. The feel of Bran inside me was growing more intense. It was like hot water pouring over my insides, except it didn't scald. And then it happened. It hit me like a wave crashing onto the shore in one of those Hawaii surf movies. My vagina clenched Bran's stiffy, undulating with intense pressure, until he moaned and stiffened, sending my orgasm washing against me again and again.

I collapsed on top of Bran and as I lay there, catching my breath, his hands went around my back and his fingers caressed me. It took a bit for his heart to slow down; I know because I could feel it pounding against mine as I lay on top of him. He finally said, "Wow. You read about something; you think you understand. But... wow! I never imagined it as good at that."

My lips found his, and we kissed again. It started slow, little pecks against his lips, then longer, more luxurious kisses. And then, I tried something I'd seen on TV and I pressed my tongue against his lips and he parted them and let me invade his mouth for the first time.

When I collapsed against his chest after that mind-shattering orgasm, our bodies didn't move, so Bran's penis was still inside my vagina. As I frenched him, the tingles between my legs returned. That his three-inch nail was still inside me, I'm sure had something to do with it. As my tongue worked around his mouth, and Bran responded to my kisses, my hips shifted above him, and that wonderful tingling sensation radiated from my pussy again. It hadn't been ten minutes since our first orgasm together, and my brain and my body wanted another.

Bran's tongue fought its way inside my mouth, pushing my tongue back, even as his hips responded to mine, pushing up as I pushed down. Our bodies didn't move a lot as we discovered the secrets of French kissing, but

what movement we experience felt amazing. That sexual rush came upon me a second time, and knowing what was about to crash on the shores of my pussy, I opened myself to it, and as my body shook for a second orgasm, I discovered my orgasm could continue as Bran's erection slid in and out of my pussy and that orgasm wracked my body for dozens of heartbeats until my cousin's body finally tensed and his penis spasmed and kicked inside of me.

Once spent, I rolled onto the bed beside Bran. My brain could barely function. I was a post orgasmic mess and could hardly wait to feel him inside me again. When my brain began functioning enough for clarity to return, I rolled onto my side, facing him. His tired eyes slid open, and he returned my smile. My arm slid across his narrow chest and I snuggled against him, "I love you, Bran."

Without missing a beat, he said, "I love you, too, Brook."

You may think, what does a twelve-year-old girl or a nine-year-old boy know of love. After all, lots of people have sex and in the moment's afterglow, they'll confess their undying love for their partner. I didn't know that at the time, but Bran had been beside me since he was three and I was six. By now, he was my best friend. I loved and trusted him more than my own mom. And that evening, I discovered love was a well. For years I had been dipping my bucket into it, getting the water near the top. But the sweetest water lay deep inside the well, and that night I discovered those sweet waters.

I woke up the next morning to our bedroom door opening. I really didn't wake properly until Mom's gasp pulled me from my slumber. That's when I realized she was looking at me and Bran asleep on my bed, where we had fallen asleep sometime after midnight after coupling for a third time. Bran was asleep on the outside of the bed and he was on his back. I was asleep on my side, nestled against my cousin, my leg touching his, and our heads only a couple of inches apart.

Mom stepped into the bedroom, a concerned expression on her face. Her voice was dangerously soft, "What's going on, Brooklyn?"

I sat up, disturbing Bran, and looked around. We had left the towels on the floor after we got out of the shower last night for another round of sex before finally falling into a deep post-sex sleep. The best way to lie to your parent is to stick as close to the facts as possible without telling the parts you're desperate to keep to yourself. "When we got out of the shower last night, the heater had made things warm, Mom. We, um, waited to cool off and I guess we fell asleep."

She looked at me skeptically, "Hmm. Well, you kids get dressed, clean your room and meet me in the living room."

Bran was awake enough to have heard the last, and we traded worried glances when Mom closed the door behind her. His voice was a whisper, "Do you think she knows?"

I shook my head. Had she known, she would have shit bricks. "I don't think so."

We put on our underwear, returned the towels to the bathroom, and picked up a few loose articles of clothing before we went into the living room. Mom sat in the recliner, leaving the sofa for us. When we sat down, we were next to each other, bodies touching, even though our hands were clasped in front of us. I could see Mom was tired and suspected she wanted nothing more than to be asleep.

She sighed and pinched the bridge over her nose, "I guess this is on me, if this is what 'getting dressed' looks like."

Bran spoke up first, "Sorry Aunt Chloe, it's just this is what we've always worn around the house. Is there anything wrong with it?"

I could see Mom's reluctant agreement as she shook her head, "No, sweetheart. But your cousin is twelve and you're nine and I thought one or both of you would want privacy as you get older. Instead, I come home this morning to the two of you sleeping naked together. Do you understand why that makes me feel uncomfortable?"

I jumped in, "We fell asleep after the shower, Mom. What's the big deal?"

Mom latched onto that, "And that's another thing, Brook, you're twelve and I'm not sure it's appropriate for you to still take showers with your

cousin.”

I felt a spark of anger in that moment, “Why? Is there something wrong with us showering together or, gasp, seeing each other naked?”

Mom wasn’t particularly religious, the closest we came to doing church was occasionally taking Bran see my Aunt Ester’s parents at their synagogue a couple of times a year. Mom was floundering, she wanted to say it was wrong for us, but the moral underpinning of religion wasn’t there and she couldn’t find a good reason for her objection. The silence grew awkward before she finally said, “Look, kids, your bodies are going to be changing soon. And it’s not really appropriate for a girl of your age,” she looked at me before changing her focus to Bran, “and a boy of your age, to see each other naked.”

Bran nodded, as though he was accepting her explanation, but instead he said, “I’m confused, Aunt Chloe. Brook and I have been taking baths together since I was three, after my mom and dad died. Why is it okay when I’m five or six, but if Brook is twelve, it’s not? I don’t understand. Rules are supposed to make sense.”

Bran the genius. I could have leaned over and kissed him right there in front of Mom. Instead, I watched Mom deflate. Bran knew at nine that society’s rules about sex are complex and don’t always make sense. Mom tried again, “Rules don’t have to make sense, Brandon. Sometimes they just are. I want the two of you to start taking separate showers, and I don’t want to walk into your room and find you kids sleeping naked in your cousin’s bed.”

Bran laid the foundation of our disagreement with Mom based on logic. Even at nine, that was his strength. I crossed my arms and glared daggers at mom, I hit her with what she understood. Cold-hard reality. “What? So, after all this time of me and Bran sharing baths and stuff, you’re going to stay home at night and make sure we’re not showering together? Not seeing each other’s private parts?”

Mom was tired after a long night of partying with co-workers, so she wasn’t thinking on her feet, “Stay home? What? No. I will not stay home.” Tired she may have been, but I touched a nerve, “I passed up on the good

tips to stay home until you were eleven and old enough to stay home on your own. I will not stay home now.”

I wasn’t sure what kind of response I was going to get, but I didn’t care as I drove my point home, “Then how are you going to enforce a rule me and Bran think is stupid? You’re always gone when we’re getting ready for bed and taking our shower.”

Anger flashed in Mom’s eyes, and I wondered if I had pushed back too hard. Bran’s voice, more forceful than usual, cut through the tension, “Aunt Chloe, don’t you trust us? I mean, to stay home while you’re working?”

Mom’s temper was in check, if just barely. “I thought I did, Brandon. But right now, I’m not sure.”

With his measured logic, he replied, “We’re fine to stay home while you work. I promise. We do our homework, fix dinner, and don’t stay up too late when it’s a school night. Nothing bad is going to happen just because we fell asleep in Brook’s bed, um, naked.”

That’s just what Mom needed; a reminder of why she trusted us. The anger leached out of her eyes, “I know the two of you are good kids and are doing just fine with most of this, Brandon, it’s just—”

Bran cut her off. In the unbroken melodic voice of a nine-year-old, he lay bare her objection, “Sex.”

Mom’s eyebrows shot up, “What?”

“You’re worried about sex, Aunt Chloe. After all, I’m a boy and Brook is a girl. You’re worried that when we get older and we get hormones, we’ll do, um, sex with each other.”

Mom’s mouth opened and closed; Bran had hit the nail on the head. He didn’t stop, “If you trust me and Brook enough to let us stay home alone while you work, trust us enough with our own bodies. Maybe when I get older, I won’t want Brook to see me. Maybe she’ll feel the same way when, um, she gets boobs.”

I snickered as he flushed red when he said boobs. Even Mom put her hand to her face to hide her smile. Bran pushed through his embarrassment,

changing tack slightly, "Aunt Chloe, if it doesn't bother me if Brook sees me naked, is that wrong?"

Still hiding a bit of her smile, Mom said, "No, but—"

Bran cut her off, "And if Brook doesn't mind if I see her naked, is that wrong?"

Mom's hand returned to her side, "No, Bran. But—"

Bran cut in, "I don't understand why you want to make a rule about something that you just said isn't wrong, all because of sex. Are you afraid we're going to have sex?"

While I admired the way Bran's brain worked, I felt just as confused as the look on Mom's face at that. What game was he playing at? After all, we'd just lost our virginities to each other.

Mom's voice was uncertain, "Well, no. Not now. You're too young."

If only she knew, I thought. Bran replied, "But you think we'll do sex when we're older?"

Mom shrugged, "I don't know, sweetie. Puberty changes you. You get hormones and have urges."

Bran said, "I've read about it. Not that it would happen, but if Brook and I were adults, would doing sex be wrong?"

I turned and looked at him. Where was he going with this? Even I knew people frowned upon cousins having sex. Mom though, was thoughtful, "When you and Brook become adults, if you decided to have sex, that would be between the two of you. Do you think you'd want to?"

A smile played across Bran's face, "Well, she is my best friend in the whole world."

Mom said, "You're almost ten years away from becoming an adult. You'll change a lot between now and then. And Brook might not be interested either."

I grumbled, "Mom, Bran will always be my best friend." My face turned red, "Maybe I'd like to do stuff with him when we're grown."

Mom glared at me as Bran's smile faded. He asked, "What about if we were teens? Lots of TV shows show kids in high school doing sex. Is that wrong?"

The question made Mom squirm. Really, the only people who still get worked up about teens and sex are moral busy-bodies. It's not like the twentieth century, when moral busy-bodies ran the country. "N-, no, not wrong. But they may not be aware of the consequences of their actions."

Bran bobbed his head, "Like getting pregnant?"

"Yeah. I wouldn't want that for Brook, or for you, Brandon."

Bran's expression was thoughtful, "Me neither. But it wouldn't be wrong. Right?"

He had Mom squirming. She finally admitted, "Not wrong, no. But stupid if you don't take precautions."

"Like birth control pills?"

Mom dipped her head, "Yeah. Like birth control pills."

Even though I was already twelve, Mom had never given me the talk. Maybe it was because I was so developmentally delayed. But to hear her talk about it then, I asked, "Did you take them as a teenager?"

Mom ruefully chuckled, "No, Brooklyn. That's how I had you at eighteen. Some girls start taking the pill once they have their first period. Some wait until they get sexually active. Others wait until it's too late."

I said, "Well, I don't want to be the last one."

Despite being tired, Mom glanced between me and Bran, "The two of you aren't fooling around, are you?"

Bran and I shook our heads furiously in unison. He said, "No way. I'm still too young."

Mom relaxed, "Then why all the questions?"

I thought I saw a twinkle in his eyes as he replied, "I'm not going to be too young forever, Aunt Chloe."

He put his arm around my shoulders, “I know teens do sex, just like adults. And when I’m old enough, I hope Brook is still my best friend because I want my first time to be with someone who’s really special.”

Mom surprised me. Her eyes softened, and she came over to us and knelt before us. A tear slid down her cheek as she pulled us into a hug, “I love the two of you so much. If you decide to have sex with one another, I hope you wait until your adults. But I know what teen hormones are like. I want both of you to promise me that if you can’t wait until you’re adults, that you’ll protect yourselves from teen pregnancy.”

I said, “I will, I promise.”

Bran echoed, “We’ll be careful.”

Mom stood and wiped tears away from her eyes. She shook her head, “Hell, how did we go from talking about not sharing baths and privacy to making sure the two of you wait to have sex until you’re ready?”

She headed toward her bedroom, ruefully laughing. When the door to her room closed, I slipped my hand into Bran’s, “Wow, that went better than I hoped.”

He squeezed it, “She just needed help to figure out why it’s not wrong.”

I leaned in and kissed him, “You’re the best. But, let’s not be obvious, okay? No more falling asleep naked on top of the covers. Okay?”

Chapter 4

Whoever said being in the eighth grade was going to kick ass should have gotten her own ass handed to her. Going to a junior high with a thousand other kids sucks unless you're a cheerleader or a football jock. I guess I was lucky though; I was mostly anonymous. Not popular enough to be in the in-crowd, or dorky or nerdy enough to have a target on my back.

The only benefit that gave me was that when kids would pick on Bran, they might not even see me before I struck from behind. Bran was gorgeous, at least to me. But he was the odd kid out, ten years old and in the seventh grade. Sure, he took the gifted classes, and those kids weren't the kind to pick on him. But going to and from classes could be torture. The worst of it was getting from his locker to the school bus without getting bullied.

My locker was further away from the bus parking lot than Bran's, so he had to wait for me almost every day. One day, when the weather was still trying to figure out if it was summer or fall, I reached the school bus, but didn't see Bran. I scanned the school's seventh grade exit for him. Then I saw him. He was in the grass; somebody knocked him off the sidewalk. And said somebody was standing over him laughing.

Fatty, as I thought of the boy towering over Bran, went down in a tangle of assholes and elbows when I hit him from behind. And when he crawled back to his feet with a sneer across his face, he paused when he saw me. Bullies rarely respect anything but strength, and I was maybe all of five feet tall. But God bless Texas. If he'd come back against me, his social life would have been over. Guys who hit girls don't fare well in Pflugerville.

He spat on the ground near Bran, "Yeah, you're a pussy, Bell; you need a girl to fight your battles."

But he turned and left us alone and I knelt by Bran, "Shit, are you okay?"

Bran had given up on the shaggy look. He wore his hair the same way I wore mine, short with a spiked middle, although he forewent the purple dye. He climbed to his feet and brushed the grass from his knees, "I guess so. I don't get why Markus likes picking on me. I mean, he's like five and a half feet, maybe more. And I'm what? Maybe a foot shorter."

I threw a friendly arm around his shoulder, "Don't worry about the fuckwad. If he picks on you again, I'll see if I can get some of my friends in the eighth grade to shove him in a locker or flush his head in the toilet."

He tilted his head and smiled. For a moment, it was that smile he gave me just before we started kissing. But it shifted to something more... suitable for the bus parking lot. None of the kids on our bus gave us any crap, even though several of them lived in public housing and had a reputation for being badasses around school.

When we finally walked through the door of our duplex, Bran fell on the sofa, "Sometimes I wish I was like the rest of them, Brook. Just stupid and clueless. Then they wouldn't pick on me."

I came over and sat beside him, resting my hand on his back, "You're the most important guy in my world, and I like how smart you are."

That smile I had seen after rescuing him returned. I felt a tingle in my stomach as I lowered my face to his. The thing about love is that when you're truly in love, every kiss feels just as good as the first. Sometimes even better. And as Bran slid his tongue into my mouth, I melted against his smaller frame.

His hands, smaller than mine, tugged at my t-shirt until he pulled it over my head and let it fall to the floor. A huge, toothy grin spread across his face as the plain white cotton training bra came into view. They weren't much to look at, but I was proud of the way Bran looked at them. He'd been as excited as me when my nipples got puffy a couple of months before.

Now, he simply unclasped the front of the fabric and watched me shrug them off my shoulders. The skin directly under my nipple was swollen a bit, forming a small cone of my areola with my tits' small points at the end. Bran's palm cupped one. His hands weren't big, but compared to them, my buds were still small. But he didn't care. His other hand cupped my second tit as he squeezed my nascent buds.

As if I needed any more sense of Bran's desires, he leaned in, his tongue darting across a budding tit. That wet touch sent a shiver down my spine as

I worked his shirt off and then his pants. I was so eager to get him out of his pants, his underwear came with them. His stiffy was flying proudly. I had gotten used to his three delightful inches that I stopped wondering a while back when he'd get bigger.

His tongue licked my tit, and my fingers grasped his erection. When he finally let go of my tit, he left it coated in his saliva. Gently, he pushed me against the sofa's seatback before pulling at my underwear. My body ached to feel him inside me, even though he'd been inside less than twenty-four hours before. Bran was my drug, and I was addicted to him. I opened my legs wide, giving him full view of my slit. Unlike my little buds, puberty had yet to kiss me down below and as Bran ran his fingers across my smooth mons and outer lips, I used my legs to pull him toward me.

It wasn't the first time we'd done it in the living room, but definitely not on a school day when Mom would not be working as late as usual. But that only added to the thrill. Bran let my legs pull him against me, as his nail slid neatly into me. Practice makes perfect, and God knows, we'd practiced a lot over the past year.

Bran slid into me. Once, he told me my pussy felt like a glove, perfectly fitting his erection. Feeling him within me, it felt similar, something filling me and making me complete. Bran's eyes didn't close as his hips moved back and forth, sliding his stiffy in and out of me. Instead, he smiled down at me. It was close enough to that first look of wonderment when I first touched him, that's how I saw him, full of wonderment as he worked me toward my orgasm.

My head fell back against the seatback as the wellbeing between my legs spread. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the wave of bliss that crashed over me as Bran shoved himself in and out of me with faster and faster speed as he approached his own cum. His body stiffened as his pelvis hit my pubic bone. There's nothing that feels better than the spasming of your boyfriend inside you, dry cumming.

When he finished, he collapsed on the couch and we enjoyed the post-sex bliss, sharing our love for each other. At least until we heard the key in the door. Faster than you can imagine, we gathered our stuff and had barely

closed the door to our bedroom when Mom came home. We both leaned against the door, grinning like we'd just gotten away with something as Mom called out a greeting from the kitchen.

When Bran came out of the Biology Lab, I came up to him and gave him a casual hug, "How's your morning?"

He always lit up when he saw me at school, and now that we were in the high school together, we saw each other more than we had in junior high. He slid his backpack to his other shoulder as he grabbed my hand, "Pretty good. You know, with summer around the corner, I think I can get enough credits to be in the eleventh-grade next year."

"That would be awesome. Wouldn't it be cool if we could graduate at the same time?"

We walked out of the science wing. We both had lunch now. Lots of our fellow students streamed by, heading for the cafeteria. We had packed our lunches and even though late April could be warm, if we sat outside, we'd hardly be alone. Still holding Bran's hand, I pulled him along to the gym. It was empty at the moment and the bleachers, which were normally shoved neatly against the tall walls, were deployed for the basketball game that evening. It wouldn't have been the first time for us to sit on the bleachers and eat.

But I wanted more than that. I pulled Bran under the bleachers and bent down and kissed him. For the first time, I realized I hadn't had to bend my neck as much as before. Our tongues explored each other and before long, I felt wet between my legs. Of course, Bran was pushed against me and part of the reason I felt wet was because I could feel his erection through his pants.

Still, we had little time if we wanted to eat our sandwiches. When our lips parted, I grabbed his hand, and we threaded our way through the bleachers' framework, toward the far side. We reached the end of the bleachers when another couple came into the gym. I peeked over the ledge and saw two students sit on the other end of the stands. I guess Bran

and I could have just taken a couple of seats at this end. But on a whim, I pointed toward the door to the girls' locker room and hurried into it with Bran on my heels. As soon as the door closed behind us, I slid the bolt into place, hoping nobody would come by. The next gym class was still more than an hour away.

Bran dropped my hand and pivoted around, pinning me against the locked door, "You know we could get caught."

I put my hands on his face and kissed him, "Yeah. I guess we should hurry."
"Hurry?"

I grabbed his belt and unbuckled it, and worked his jeans loose. He was silent as I pushed his pants and underwear down. When his erection popped into view, I realized he had grown a bit. His nail was thicker and slightly longer. Honestly, I hadn't really noticed it. It still felt as good, like he was completing me. And I needed that right now.

I pushed him into the changing area and had him lie down on one of the benches. I wasted no time and was soon naked from the waist down. When I straddled him, his hand found my pussy and rubbed the handful of stray pubic hairs spreading out from my outer labia. Maybe if I were more introspective, I'd wonder about a young woman of fourteen who loved fucking her eleven-year-old boyfriend. But I wasn't that kind of girl. I let him line us up and then I slid down until he pierced me.

The bench was hard on Bran's back, otherwise he would have done more to penetrate me, but I didn't mind doing all the work. My hips and knees didn't mind either and as I moved up and down on him, Bran's hands slid up my shirt and pushed my training bra aside and played with my tits. The past year had helped them fill out a little, but they were still just small mounds topped with puffy nipples, not even a respectable a-cup. But as Bran played with them, the one person in the world who mattered to me didn't seem to care about my cup size.

I was so horny that my juices were making squishy noises as I kept rising and falling on Bran's groin. The position was a bit awkward. His butt eventually bucked against the bench as he neared his climax. When his

erection started bucking and spasming, that was enough to tip me over the edge and I sighed with pleasure as I sank onto Bran's groin, both of us enjoying the rapturous feeling of our orgasms.

Bran, lying under me, eventually said, "Brook, we're almost out of time. The lunch bell's gonna ring soon."

I sighed and leaned forward, giving him a long, lazy kiss. "I know. But, God, I needed this."

I stood up, and felt him slide out of me as he said, "Me too."

He gasped, "Oh shit!"

I turned and swore; his erection was bloody. What the hell had just happened?

I had put my bloody panties in the hamper and wondered why I bothered with a clean pair as I joined Bran on my bed. He leaned against the wall, lying sideways, watching TV. His frequent glances at me told me he was as worried as me.

"You gonna tell Aunt Chloe?"

I shrugged, "I guess. I mean, she's probably gonna get all excited about me finally getting my period. I mean, shit, I'm almost fifteen and only now getting it. If we were Jewish, like your mom's parents, we'd probably sacrifice a goat or something."

Bran chuckled, "I don't think that's how it's done. I hope she doesn't freak out."

As we watched Disney Plus, I thought about how things at home had remained unchanged. Bran and I had been having sex for almost three years. The looks we shared left no doubt in my mind that he loved me as deeply as I loved him. Yet we'd both done a lot to make sure my mom could ignore the signs. Even though we'd never changed our underwear-only dress code, over the past year, I'd taken to wearing a top at breakfast or dinner. It kept Mom from making a big deal out of things. And we never showered when mom was home, but only when she was at work. She

worked five or six evenings every week, so maybe it wasn't much of a sacrifice.

I knew there really wasn't a way to avoid telling Mom about my period. My mind needed a distraction, and the TV wasn't doing it. So, I glanced at Bran. He was relaxed, watching the TV. We were so comfortable with each other these days that he was completely soft in his underwear at the moment. Thinking about that, I reached out and rubbed his stomach as I leaned onto my side.

That also let me kiss his tiny boyish nipple. He murmured, "Hmm, do you want to? It will be messy."

My response was to pull his underwear down below his still immature balls. One joy I didn't get enough of was watching him go from his little inch and a half noodle to his full erection. And watching it then only made me hornier. But instead of straddling him, I lowered my head and put him in my mouth. At first there was a bit of soapy taste from cleaning him off at lunch, and also a hint of preadolescent boy sweat. Then, as I slid his penis through my lips, I tasted the part of him with which I'd grown familiar.

I wasn't in a hurry. Bran was right; I didn't want to get blood on his penis or on the bed or on my clothes. But I could suck on him for a while and that's exactly what I wanted to do. Eventually, his fingers looped through my hair. Styles change, and I was letting my hair grow out. I had grown tired of the short, spiky doo and had let it get almost down to my shoulders again. And that meant I had to keep pushing my hair out of my face as I slurped on Bran. When I felt him tensing, I eased off, leaving him in my mouth, but letting him ease off his edge. After a bit of that, I resumed sucking him in earnest. It wasn't long before his body went rigid and I let him spasm and kick his dry orgasm in my mouth.

I pulled off his erection a fraction of a second before we heard the front door open. I glanced at the clock; it was later than I had thought. It was almost eleven. Before Bran could move his post orgasmic ass off my bed, there was a knock, "Kids? You up? It's a school night."

Mom opened the door and took in the two of us sitting on my bed in just our underwear, "Really, Brooklyn? I'm sure Bran doesn't want to see your

boobs on display.”

We really should have been in bed already. But a girl finally getting her period is a big fucking deal. I should have asked about that. But Mom had poked a bear. I actually liked Bran looking at my tits. But that would have started a fight. Instead, I said, “When we got out of the shower, I didn’t think it mattered, Mom. Does it?”

Like I said, we’d been careful to not be public about it with Mom, but we weren’t secretive about the showers, just about the sex. “I don’t get it, Brook. Most girls would kill to have some privacy, especially when they have to share a bedroom with a younger boy.”

She turned to Bran and wagged her finger, “And you. You’ll be twelve this summer. All most boys want is lots of privacy when they’re your age. Instead, I think the two of you enjoy showering together.”

Bran just gave Mom a bland smile while I groused, “Maybe we do it just to piss you off.

Mom had enough. She reached for the light-switch by the door, “It’s a school night. Y’all need to get to sleep.”

Before she hit the switch, I realized I shouldn’t have let her get to me. “Mom, hold on.”

She glared at me, still smarting from my retort. I continued, “Um, at school today, I had an accident.”

Angry Chloe disappeared in the blink of an eye, replaced by concerned Chloe, “Oh, no. What happened?”

I screwed my face into an awkward smile, “I got my period.”

Mom’s face morphed from annoyed to surprised. “Oh my God! That’s great news,” she exclaimed as she came over and sat on the edge of the bed, “my little girl is becoming a woman.”

She glanced at my underwear, I suppose to see if there were stains, then over at the hamper, “It happened at school?”

I sighed unhappily and nodded. Mom certainly didn't need to know the details. *Gee, Mom, I was riding Bran, and we both came like motherfuckers and then I got up and there was blood all over my boyfriend's dick, and we really freaked out.* No, definitely not.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry. I've got some pads and tampons in my bathroom. I'll bring you some to wear tonight. Tomorrow, we'll go to the store and get some that fit you better."

It was a school night. By the time the bus drops us off, she's always gone, unless it's her day off, and the next day was a Friday. "What about school?"

Mom patted me on the leg, "A girl only gets her first period once. You haven't missed any school this year, so I think you can afford a day off."

With that, she hurried to her bathroom to fetch some of her supplies. I glanced over at Bran. He raised an eyebrow, "Enjoy your day with Aunt Chloe tomorrow."

I dug a finger into his ribs, drawing laughter from him, "Don't even think of it, Mr. Bell. You're coming with us. If I gotta go spend the morning looking at pads and tampons, so do you."

The look of horror on my cousin's face was real and priceless. When Mom came back in with a few pads and a couple of tampons, I had put Bran's head in a lock, between my elbow and chest, and had said, "Nope, little man, you're coming with us."

"Ahem!" Mom theatrically cleared her throat. I wasn't sure if the look she gave me was because of what I had said or because the back of Bran's head pushed against my right boob. Whichever it was, I let go of him and gave Mom an innocent smile.

"Here you are, Brooklyn," she handed me the supplies and paused. I could tell something had bothered her. A touch of blush hit her cheeks before she finally continued, "Now that you've started your period, maybe I can schedule an appointment with a gynecologist. Get you a checkup. And..."

Her voice faded as the redness in her face grew, "Uh, if you need birth control pills, she can prescribe them."

Try as I might, I couldn't help but to glance at Bran as he looked back at me. The truth was, we hadn't worried about me getting pregnant. Not only for the obvious reason of not having my period yet, but the more obvious fact he was only eleven and could only dry cum. That's not to say we hadn't talked about it. Bran was conscientious about everything. We had discussed that until he actually created semen, we were safe from getting pregnant.

But by the look on Mom's face, I wasn't about to share that with her. I just shook my head, "If you think I should go see the doctor, that's cool. But I don't need to be on the pill."

Mom swept her eyes between the two of us and I grumbled, "Jeez, Mom. We're not doing anything that's gonna get me pregnant. Okay?"

I'm not sure she believed me, but she said, "Okay, sweetie. I believe you. Just promise me you'll be careful when you do."

Was that a tacit admission she knew Bran and I were going to be together? An acknowledgement that we were already together, but hiding it, or just a slip of the tongue? There was no way I'd ask. Instead, I let her drag me into the bathroom where she showed me how to use the new accessories that came with womanhood.

Chapter 5

One of Bran's favorite series was a show from a few years ago called Cobra Kai. That led us to a movie older than my mom, called the Karate Kid. I guess Bran's an old soul, but he loved watching that movie and at the start of our senior year in high school, a couple of months after his thirteenth birthday, we decided to dress up as skeletons, sort of like the boys in the Cobra Kai dojo. Only we wore black and white skull-caps.

I was sixteen and had just got my driver's license. Mom had even bought me a car right after I turned sixteen, although she told me that Bran and I would have to share it once he was old enough to drive in a few years. At first, I thought it was her way of acknowledging that Bran and I were a couple and that we would be together. Later, I realized she had gotten the money from Bran's trust. It wasn't much of a car, just a fifteen-year-old Toyota Corolla that cost a few thousand dollars. But the wheels weren't bald, and the oil didn't leak, so it was good enough for us.

That's how I found myself in Bran's arms in the middle of the basketball court, dancing to some tech-pop song with a bass beat that made the wooden floor vibrate beneath our feet. Despite the music being anything but a slow dance, we were in the middle of a group of students who were slow dancing. We were young, hormonal and if the rest of the slow dancers were anything like me and Bran, there was going to be lots of sex following the party.

Neither of us were good dancers, but that's what made slow dances perfect. All we had to do was move around the court together. His hands were around my back and mine rested on his shoulders. The funny thing was, we had kept growing at similar rates and even now at sixteen, I was still about half a head taller than Bran, even though I was only a few inches past five feet. So, I looked down a bit to look into his eyes.

By ten that evening, we discovered dancing requires an entirely different set of muscles than the ones we usually used. As we headed toward the doors, we were hardly the only kids heading out. Some kids moved their parties to some kid's home, others, like me and Bran, wanted to take their party down to a party of just two.

Mom was still at work when we got home. She had been seeing a guy she met online, so there was a good chance we might not see her for a day or two. Don't think ill of her for wanting her own life. Hell, I was sixteen and would graduate and go to college next year, the same as Bran. We didn't need any supervision anymore.

Bran leaned against me as he looked into the bathroom mirror, "Damn, we look good."

I would have leaned in for a kiss, but the makeup made that not much fun. Instead, I said, "Yeah. Dancing with you was fun. If people had realized it was you and me inside these costumes, they'd have shit bricks. Kissing cousins and all that."

He grinned as he pulled the cap from his short hair, "Yeah. Well, good thing they're not gonna be here for the encore."

He reached up and pulled the skull cap from my hair, letting it fall to my shoulders. Then he turned me around and pulled at the zipper on my back. Then back around. His hands went to the black Lycra fabric at my shoulders and pulled on it, dragging the sheer fabric down past my breasts until it bunched at my hips. The costume had padding in the chest, so I'd opted to forego my bra. It wasn't like my tits needed support. They were barely larger than half-lemons, not that Bran complained as he cupped one and caressed the soft sponginess. My nipple didn't stay soft or sponge-like for long, soon it protruded into his palm, like a rubbery eraser.

I reached behind him and worked the zipper on his costume down. As his chest came into view, there was the hint of definition in his pecs and his shoulders had finally grown wider than his narrow hips, if just barely.

I pushed the bottom half of the costume and his underwear down in one push. Bran was already hard, his penis pointing up at me. Even though he was still a little boy where it mattered, his erection had grown over the past year. His girth was an inch now, and he was longer too, about halfway between four and five inches. Funny how things change, yet they stay the same.

Yes, he was bigger, but he was still perfect in my eyes. I ran my hand over his smooth pubic area and cupped his balls. Despite his dry cums, his scrotum was no longer snug against the base of his penis. It hung down a bit, giving his ball, which felt slightly larger, more room. Yet, they were still as smooth as the rest of his body.

As I drew in a breath, admiring his body, he helped me out of my one-piece outfit, including my panties. The look on his face was enough for me to know he liked what he saw. I was closer to the end of puberty than the start, and at some point, while shaving my legs, I decided to shave my pubic hair. I liked the symmetry it gave when Bran and I fucked, his naturally smooth pubic bone pushing against my shaved pussy.

We stepped into the shower and washed the sweat and grime of the evening, and also the facial makeup. He had cleaned the white and black streaks from my face and now he was massaging my tits, "We've been bathing together for ten years now."

I hadn't thought of it. That was a long time, yet it didn't seem like it. He continued, "That's more than two thousand showers and baths."

I reached between us and squeezed his shaft, "Imagine all the water we've saved."

He giggled, moving to my other tit, and massaging it too. "Since you started getting these, we've showered almost every day."

A shiver ran through my body, "I haven't heard you complain."

Another giggle, "Nope. Not gonna happen. I was just thinking that since we started doing stuff—"

I squeezed his shaft, "You mean, having sex?"

He grinned, "Yeah, that was like over three years ago. We've taken more than a thousand showers together."

I finished his thought, "And had sex more than a thousand times. Yet it never gets old."

He shook his head, "No, it doesn't. You know we're gonna graduate from school at the end of the year. Have you thought about college?"

I shrugged and let go his boner. "A little. Are you still going to apply to the University of Texas?"

He nodded as he grabbed the bottle of body wash and put some of the stuff in his hand. As he lathered up my chest and stomach, He said, "Yeah. I think I'll get a full scholarship. Your grades are really good, you should be eligible for a scholarship too. Why not go there together?"

I put my hands behind my head, letting him lather up my tits, as I enjoyed the tingling that washed over me, "I thought about that. Are you sure? You're going to ace college. Would I be a distraction?"

His slick hands wrapped around my waist, pulling me to him. He tilted his head and found my lips, kissing me with more passion than normal, "As soon as I'm eighteen, I'm going to ask you to marry me. I never want to be apart from you."

I wasn't sure we could get married. Like Bran, I found I liked to research things. "But we're cousins. I mean, we have the same last name. The law..."

My voice failed me as he put a soapy finger against my lips between my legs, "Fuck the law. If you're worried, we can go to Las Vegas. It's really easy to get married there. And if I have to lie about us being related, so we can get married, I will."

I kissed him; my worries about our future together evaporating within the kiss. We hurried to finish washing each other, and within a few minutes, Bran pushed me down on my bed and stepped between my legs. Usually, I was the aggressor, mounting him. But as he had grown, staying inside me had become easier. He leaned over me, his erection sliding against my building wetness until he slipped into my vagina.

My body tremored as he slid into me. Sometimes, I had little cums rolling over me as they led to a giant orgasm. Other times, my insides were warm and tingly, gradually building toward my big O. This felt like the latter, as my pussy contracted on his shaft as my first little cum hit. Bran moaned, "Ah, wow, squeeze it like that again. Wow."

My body reacted, another cum washing against me again. He moaned again as my pussy undulated around his shaft. Bran couldn't last long

against my cumming pussy and less than a minute later, he pushed in as far as possible as he shuddered and his stiffy spasmed and kicked inside.

As Bran came, his body wracked with his orgasm, an unfamiliar warmth radiated from within, and that feeling sent me over the edge, and my entire body shook with one of my most powerful orgasms yet. When our bodies finally stopped shaking from our orgasms, Bran pulled out, a look of awe etched on his features, "Holy shit, Brook. I came. I mean, I shot inside you!"

That explained the warmth. I stared in shock at him. I had never felt like something was missing from our sex until that moment. All the other times Bran had dry cummed, I had felt complete. Until now. In that moment, every previous time now felt like it had been missing something. And now things were complete.

It was confusing, I admit, but now that I'd felt him truly cumming inside me, I wanted that same feeling again and again. Bran, for his part, snuggled against me, lying by my side, "I didn't have any idea that was going to happen. Y-, you don't have to worry about getting pregnant. Not yet."

A giggle burst out of my mouth, "Holy fuck, Bran, I don't care about that. You just gave me the most incredible cum in my life. I want to feel you cumming inside of me again and again. It felt so good."

A grin crept onto his face, erasing the worry, "It felt really good to me, feeling that bit of squirt for the first time. Yeah. It was really intense."

As we rested, letting our bodies enjoy the bliss of our orgasms, I finally reached over and played with his still erect penis, "How long do you think we have until we have to worry about me getting pregnant?"

"Mmm, that feels nice," he murmured, "Maybe as little as a few weeks. Maybe as long as a year. Boys start to cum when their prostates mature, and that happens a while before the testicles mature enough to make semen."

I sat up and leaned over him, the smell of our sex heavy on his erection, "Okay. I'll figure out how to tell Mom I need to be on the pill, but for now, I just want to enjoy this."

I slid his glans into my mouth. My juices were strong, a tangy tartness flooding my mouth as I sucked him deeper into my mouth, but within a few seconds, the familiar taste of Bran's skin replaced it and I pushed my head deeper, taking him all the way in until my lips pushed against his bald pubic area. He was long enough that when he was at his deepest, the tip barely grazed my throat. Fortunately, it didn't hit my gag reflex.

My tongue attacked and darted around Bran's shaft, bringing moans from the young teenager. With each bob of my head and each flick of my tongue, his cum grew nearer. Still, it hadn't been that long since his last one, and that rising sense of bliss slowly rose with each passing minute.

Finally, when my jaw began to ache, Bran's hips pushed against my face as I felt him get harder and bigger. When he spasmed, something sweet hit my tastebuds. I'd heard from other girls in school what happened when they blew their boyfriends; I had expected something salty and bitter. The sweetness was a pleasant surprise.

It was a good thing Halloween fell on a Friday night. It was almost dawn before we fell asleep after having sex three more times that night. We were nearly done when, as dawn approached, I sucked him one last time before exhaustion overtook us. And then, barely awake, when he came, it was a dry cum. I had completely drained him.

The TV was loud in our bedroom, but I tuned it out as I read the instructions on the test kit. I swore to myself, *What the fuck was I thinking, letting so much time pass?* I knew I should have told Mom to get me those damned birth control pills.

I put the plastic stick under me and peed, following the instructions. I closed my eyes, counting the seconds until I could look and see if there were one or two bars.

It wasn't Bran's fault. He asked me a couple of times since that first time if I had talked to Mom about getting on birth control. But I'd deflected. I don't know why. My thinking had been incredibly stupid, that anything that got between me and the mind-numbing orgasms Bran gave me was to be

avoided. I'm sixteen years old, and while I might not be genius level like Bran, I was smarter than most of the kids in my class. Yet, here I was, seven weeks after my last period, desperately waiting to find out if I had really fucked up our lives.

When the time was up, I looked at the single pink bar on the plastic stick and breathed a sigh of relief. Just for my sanity, I ran the test again and when I saw that single bar a second time, I felt giddy with relief. Girls sometimes skip a period and I guess that's what happened to me.

I opened the bathroom door. Bran lay against the head of my bed, in just his underwear. Even though it was the dead of winter outside, the duplex was warm, almost toasty. I crossed over and collapsed beside him, "Nothing to worry about. Just a missed period."

His hand found mine, "You need to tell Aunt Chloe, Brook. She may be in denial about us sleeping together, but deep down, she knows. Telling her you need to birth control pills won't shock her."

I bit my lip, dreading that conversation, "But what if it does?"

He squeezed my hand, "Then it won't shock her as much as becoming a grandma at thirty-five."

I giggled through my nerves. Bran had hit the nail on the head. The only reason Mom didn't know we were having regular sex was because she didn't want to see the truth in front of her eyes. I mean, a sixteen-year-old girl and a thirteen-year-old boy don't take showers everyday together or walk around in their underwear together if they're not fucking.

After that scare, we didn't have sex before falling asleep, but just like we had for the past half-year, we fell asleep in my bed. When we woke the next morning, Mom was moving around in the kitchen. I wasn't sure when she got home, but she was certainly happy. I didn't much care for her new boyfriend, but he stayed clear of me and Bran and we were happy to return the favor. If he made Mom happy, I wouldn't be the one to rock the boat.

When I got up, I found an undershirt and slipped it over my chest. My tits still weren't very big, but the shirt kept mom from bitching about flashing

my tits at Bran. I swear the woman was blind as a bat. Mom had a plate of eggs and bacon in front of her, as well as her ubiquitous cup of coffee. Her eyes flitted between me and Bran, who had come from behind, "Morning kids, you getting ready for school?"

I sat down in the chair opposite from her, "Yeah. In a sec. Don't have to leave near as early when we can drive instead of taking the bus. Uh, Mom, I wanted to see if you'd schedule a visit with that gynecologist, maybe see about getting me on birth control pills."

Mom's eyes flitted back to Bran. He was still in just his underwear. Aside from a more angular face and another inch in height, he was still a slight boy, with nothing that would scream, *I'm a teenaged boy, lock up your daughters or I'll get them pregnant.*

When Mom finally talked, all she said was, "Oh."

She wasn't going to help me out, "I'm sixteen, Mom. I could have asked for it back when I first got my period, but, well, it really wasn't necessary back then. I couldn't get pregnant."

Mom ran her finger around the lip of her coffee, "Something's changed?"

I wanted to scream at her. Was she playing with me? Did she already know? I mean, it's not like it was impossible to figure out. Bran stepped up and took my hand, "How long have you known?"

Mom shook her head, "Oh, so you two have been going at it? I wondered."

Bran squeezed my hand, "For a while, Aunt Chloe. But now, um, Brook could get pregnant if she's not on the pill."

Mom worked over Bran's words, "Just how long have the two of you been going at it?"

Bran shrugged, "What's it matter? For the past few years, you just pretended you didn't see. Can you take Brook to see the doctor?"

Mom blanched, her face turning pallid, "Fine. I'll make the appointment. But God, you've been doing things for years?"

I let go of Bran's arm so I could put it around his shoulder and give him a half-hug, "We're best friends, better than best friends. Sharing this, it's made us even closer."

Mom threw her hands up, "I can't! I'll call the gynecologist and schedule the appointment, but I don't. I can't."

A moment later, she disappeared into her bedroom. Bran glanced over at me, "I see why you waited. That could have gone better."

"There's not much to see, Ms. Bell, so the tour won't take long," the property manager said as she opened the second-floor apartment.

There was a couch against one wall and a flat-screen TV fixed on the wall by the door. She said, "Our furnished apartments usually get picked up by foreign exchange students. But you've had this reserved since the beginning of the year."

I followed her into the apartment. Bran followed behind me with a couple of suitcases, which he dropped on the floor before returning to the Toyota to fetch another load.

As she opened the fridge in the small galley-style kitchen, she said, "If we had known your brother was going to be living with you, we could have gotten you a two-bedroom back in January. But now they're all gone. Is he going to be enrolled at Austin High?"

I ran my hand along the composite countertop, it had a cheap sort of elegance, "No. He's super smart and is going to UT on scholarship. He skipped a couple of grades."

Her eyebrows rose, "Well, good for him. The couch folds into a bed, so hopefully you won't be too crowded."

In between the small kitchen and the bedroom was a dining nook with a small table with two chairs. Apparently, the apartment complex didn't expect people to have friends over. Bran was back with some bagsful of clothes. He set them in front of the TV and joined us as we stepped into the bedroom. The queen-size bed took up much of the space, although

there was a smaller TV fixed to a wall opposite the bed and a chest of drawers, and a small desk against another wall. He slipped past me and opened a door next to the desk. It was a small closet.

There was no way we'd fit all our clothes in there. Still, it was home.

On the way out, the property manager handed me the keys, "Welcome to Austin. The number to our maintenance department is on the fridge. Rent's due on the first."

Once she left, I closed the door and found Bran. He leaned in and kissed me. The past year had been good to him, I thought. I barely had to lean down for our lips to touch. I'd come to terms with the fact that I would never reach the average height for women of five foot four inches. But Bran was still growing. He'd broken the five-foot mark right after graduating at the beginning of the summer.

When the kiss ended, Bran went over to the sliding glass door that led to a small balcony. From there, we could see part of UT's campus. "Can you believe it, Brook? We made it."

I came over behind him and wrapped my arms around his chest and rested my head on his shoulders. The view wasn't bad, not for what we were paying for this one-bedroom furnished apartment. "I wish Mom had been able to take off work to help us move in."

Things had been awkward between us and my mom since the blinders had been torn off and she'd been forced to acknowledge what had been an open secret under her nose. But it was a lot to take in that her seventeen-year-old daughter and fourteen-year-old nephew had been fucking each other for five years. Still, she hadn't kicked us out or even told us to stop having sex. She helped me to get the birth control pills and kept looking the other way. Only now, she couldn't even pretend not to know.

In the end, Bran and I had both been awarded full rides to UT, with enough unrestricted scholarship money that we didn't even need the money from his trust or his survivor benefits to pay for the place. But having the money, even though it wasn't a lot, would still come in handy in an expensive city like Austin.

Bran slid his arms around me and pulled me into the middle of the living room and even though there wasn't much room between the battered coffee table and the TV, we slow danced to a tune in his head. We danced in a little circle. When he spoke, his voice cracked. "I'm glad Aunt Chloe let us come, Brook. She could really have made a mess of things if she had wanted."

And we were keen to avoid a mess because we were still minors. And in the eye of the law, were supposed to be living with my mom. But that opened our eyes to a new truth. People see what they want to see. Despite her misgivings, mom had helped us fill out the scholarship applications. And basically, got out of our way.

It was true. We were both minors. I was still eight months away from turning eighteen. Bran had only just turned fourteen. But we were discovering a new truth, people see what they want to see. It had certainly been the case with my mom.

To the property manager, we were siblings going to college. To UT, we were gifted students living off campus, presumably with family. Although we couldn't guarantee people's reactions, we were in control of what they saw. With any luck, our fellow students would see two gifted young people who coincidentally had the same last name. And in a few years, some Elvis Impersonator who conducts weddings in Los Vegas will see two young adults madly in love with each other—who just happen to randomly share the same last name.

He stopped dancing with me when we staggered from getting dizzy. The rest of the afternoon, we spent unloading the car and getting things put away. And after dinner at a nearby restaurant, we returned home to our bed. Not my bed. But ours.

Bran closed the door to our bedroom and came over to where I sat on the edge of our bed and pulled off his shirt. He was still very boyish, his little nipples barely different from the rest of his pale chest. His shoulders were noticeably wider than his hips. And when he unfastened his jeans, they fell to the floor. He really had slender hips.

I did the rest of the work and pulled his underwear down, freeing his penis. His five inches were hard to my touch. I ran my fingers along the base of his penis and felt the beginning of stubble. I'd grown so used to his hard smoothness that when he started growing a few strands of pubic hair over the summer, I talked him into letting me shave them. I really enjoyed the feel of his smoothness.

I let him pull my t-shirt off. I hear that getting pregnant can really make a girl's tits grow. I wouldn't know. My tits fit comfortably within the a-cup bra that Bran reached around me and unclasped. And as he pulled the bra off my arms, my tits remained firmly in place, jiggling only a little.

With a few more tugs of my clothes, he had me as naked as I had him. And before he could spread my legs, I stood, and grabbed onto his waist, turned him around and pushed him against the bed. The first time we made love five years before, I had ridden him to our first orgasm.

He looked up at me with a quizzical look. I straddled him and leaned into a kiss. When we surfaced for air, I said, "When you were nine and I was twelve, that first time we made love, I rode you like this. This is our first time in this place. It's a new start and I want to make love to you the same way."

A smile spread across his face as Bran put his hands behind his head, "Okay."

I sighed with blissful pleasure when I sank down on his five inches. I know I told you he felt perfectly inside me when he was just a little kid with a skinny three-inch nail. I was both right and wrong. Now, with more than an inch's girth, he filled me up so much more than before. And it was just as perfect now as it had been five years before.

Warmth spread through my pussy as I adjusted my hips and knees. When I rose, even though I was wet and horny, his penis dragged along the narrow cavern of my vagina, sending tendrils of tingles through me. When I lowered myself, those same tingles grew and every nerve ending in my walls that touched his penis signaled my brain that my body was on fire for Bran.

He put his hands on my hips, steadying me as I rose and fell, pushing and pulling his penis in and out of my vagina. His hips rocked up and back on the soft mattress, in tandem with me. With little effort, our bodies synchronized with each other. And I knew Bran was getting close by the way his fingers gripped my waist, pulling me down with more force the closer he came.

Then it happened. Bran slammed his head against the bed as I felt him get even harder and thicker inside me. His penis shook and spasmed, and warmth flooded my insides as, with each blast, his thickening semen coated the inside of my vagina. It was enough to send me over the edge. My pussy constricted, rippling along Bran's five steely inches, seemingly drawing him deeper within me, milking out the last of his semen.

Overwhelmed by the strength of my orgasm, I collapsed against Bran. It felt like our hearts beat as one as we held each other. This was the first day of the rest of our lives and we were living it on our terms.

~~But you didn't come here to read about me. But rather Brandon Bell. And who can blame you, the physicist who proved the feasibility of Tesla's electrical generator theory, the youngest Nobel prize in physics in more than a hundred years, is a house hold name. And yet, you've probably never heard of me, Brooklyn Mayes Abernathy. Yet, I've known Brandon his entire life. I knew his parents, Calvin Bell and Ester Solomon. They were my uncle and aunt and even though they died when I was only six, my~~

~~memories of holidays with them remain among my most precious recollections.~~

~~My mom was my uncle's sister, and "Aunt Chloe"~~

| | | | | | |
|----------|-------|-----------|------|-------|-----------|
| | Brook | | Bran | | |
| | 1 | | | | |
| | 2 | | | | |
| | 3 | | | | |
| | 4 | | 1 | | |
| Kinderg. | 5 | | 2 | | |
| 1st | 6 | | 3 | | |
| 2nd | 7 | | 4 | Kind. | |
| 3rd | 8 | | 5 | 1st | |
| 4th | 9 | | 6 | 2nd | |
| 5th | 10 | | 7 | 4th | |
| 6th | 11 | 53 inches | 8 | 5th | 48 inches |
| 7th | 12 | 55 | 9 | 6th | 50 |
| 8th | 13 | 58 | 10 | 8th | 52 |
| 10th | 14 | 60 | 11 | 9th | 54 |
| 11th | 15 | 61.5 | 12 | 11th | 56.5 |
| 12th | 16 | 63 | 13 | 12th | 58.5 |
| | 17 | 63.5 | 14 | | 61 |
| | 18 | 64 | 15 | | 63 |
| | | | 16 | | 65 |
| | | | 17 | | 66 |
| | | | | | 68 |

Brooklyn will start to develop breasts 4 months after of her 13th birthday. She'll start to get pubic hair about 9 months later 14 years 1 months. She'll

have her first period when she's 14 years and 8 months

Brandon will have his balls drop when he's 12 years 8 months. His first emission at 13 years and 2 months. His first pubic hair at 13 years 11 months